So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marrie sweete *Bianca* with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees wee meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'l ouer-reach the graybeard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musitian, amorous *Lstio*,
All for my masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.
Tra. And is the Bride and Bridegroom comming home?
Gre. A Bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.
Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuills damme.
Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That down fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he if any list.
Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?
Gre. Trembled and shooke for why he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, he calls for wine, a health quoth he as if he had been aboord carowsing to his mates after a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops

as

as he was drinking This done, he tooke the Bride abo
and kist her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that a
all the Church did eccho: and I seeing this, came the
shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming
marriage neuer was before: harke, harke I heare the mi

Musicke playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Ba

Petr. Gentlemen and friends I thanke you for you
I know you thinke to dine with mee to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call mee hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.
Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?
Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: If you knew my businesse,
You would intreate me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweete, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to mee,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let vs intreate you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreate you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kate. Let me intreate you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall intreate me stay,
But yet not stay, entreate me how you can.
Kat. Now if you loue me stay,
Pet. Grumio, my horse,
Gru. I sir they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the
Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open sir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene: